

A
LETTER

FROM AN.

Anti-Phanatique,

TO

The most Illustrious and truly Ver-
tuous LADY, the

LADY MONK.

By a true lover of his Country.



London, Printed in the year, 1660.

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TO
The most Vertuous LADY,
THE
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MADAM,

IT is commonly seen that Honours change Manners, no sooner are we circumferenced with the bright Clouds of Magnitude, but presently forgetting what *Nothings* we were and are, we swell our selves into imaginary *Some-things*: But your Ladships Vertues are a sufficient charm against this kind of folly, or rather great madnels: and your acquaintance (which now compared to your Ladship, are but as shrubs in comparison of the tallest Cedars) will make this good; who speak your deportment, *Madam*,

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to be as sweet and friendly, as affable and courteous, as humble and free from all Pride and Vanity, as before your Ladiship ascended the glittering Mount of Honour: whilst others pride it with noble descent, and deck themselves with borrowed rayes from honourable Ancestors, your Ladiship being eminently Vertuous, is a most cleare Fountain of Honour your self: such as these, the sails of whole Greatness swell with Pride and Vanity, have but the shadow of true Nobility, the substance dwells with your Ladiship: you are a burning Lamp, and shining light to all your Sex, and the noblest *Madam* cannot have a fairer Copy to write by than is your Ladiship.

Truly, *Madam*, I am glad you are great, onely because you are good, and am glad to see the lustre of your goodness outshine the lustre of your greatness. This may dazel and attract vulgar eys, but the most sweet contemplation of your incomparably good and verinous Soule captivates, and draws all hearts after your Ladiship. Greatness is vanishing and mortall, to day a Prince, to morrow a Beggar; to day a Conqueror, to morrow a Captive; to day a *Madam*, to morrow none, and sadly weeping that ever she was one. But Goodness which is your Ladiships chief aim and study, is immortal: and will not only dignifie you here, but will eternize you hereafter. Not to flatter, but inform, you are lookt upon, *Madam*, by all, with singular delight, as one raised up by God like Queen *Hester*, for the good of your languishing Country: and his

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his Excellency is reputed the miracle of men; and
England's blessed Peace-Maker. How many years
hath this Land been rent and torn in pieces by self-
interest Persons and Parties? How many changes
have we had, and still from bad to worse? and
had not our Joshua the Lord General stood up for
us against our Rampant Enemy, it is to be feared
before this time City and Country had been ru-
ined, and England made a Monument of Blood
and Ashes: Such a blessing never came out of
Scotland before; such an opportune deliverance,
even when bloody Sectaries had armed themselves
with weapons and resolution to destroy the Prote-
stant party, and make Merchandize of Churches
and Universities was never heard of, never read of.
And had the Lycorians both present at your La-
diships and the Generals coming amongst us, and
seen the many Miracles then done, the almost in-
curable diseases and sad distempers which we lay
groaning under a long time, presently cured, and
our creeped Commonwealth set upon its legs a-
gain, and leaping for joy; his Sword not woun-
ding, but healing our wounds; his Victory not di-
ed in blood; and our Peace procured, not by war,
according to that cursed Motto [PAX QUÆ
EST IN BELLO] but by his most excellent
Wisdom and incomparable Prudence. Had the
Lycorians seen all this, they would have cried out
in admiration of your Honours, as once they did
concerning Paul and Barnabas, The Gods are come
down amongst us in the likeness of men. We now see

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what the Saints are which have Lorded it over us
all this while, not Saints but Devils; meer cheats,
pretenders only to Religion and Honesty, having
not the least dram of either; not Physicians, but
Butchers, mangling and murdering their *King* and
Country; but your Honours like the good Sama-
ritan, have poured oyl abundantly into the wounds
which those *Theeves & Robbers* made: you are true
Israelites in whom we all hope there is no guile:
you are a most blessed couple may *England* say, &
the shrill sound of your fame for what you have
already done, is heard afar off; and if you make
the *Epilogue* like the *Prologue*, and Crown the great
good work you have begun, every where, and in
all places we will hang up *Trophies*, and erect *Mo-
numents* to your Honours, which shall make your
Memories bloom and blossom to all Posterity;
future *Chronicles* shall blazon your Ladiship the
best of Women, and his Excellency the best of
Men; all Ages shall bless you, and dwell upon
your praises till they swell in Volumes bigger than
Foxes Martyrology; nay we will all write your *Hi-
stories*, and fill whole Libraries with Folioes on-
ly of your Commendations, and there shall be no
end of your *Eulogiums*: Never were any received
by our *Metropolis* with such exclamations of Joy,
and such high expressions of Love as your Honors;
and may you both still continue and grow very
aged in all estimation and honour amongst us, that
when your most precious lives shall periodize, our
dropping eyes may witness our losse, and your
pious

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pious Souls wrapt in a fable Mantle of our sighs and
groans mount the Battlements of the highest Hea-
vens, is the hearty prayer of,

M A D A M,

Your most Humble

and Faithfull Servant,

HEN. MORLEY.

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From South-west in a field of corn and
across the Park towards the light of the
water, is the sixty yard of

MADAM

Thomson's House

and Field of corn

HEN. MORLEY.

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